

# CROWN

No. 2

## COMICS

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INTRODUCING - MICKEY MAGIC



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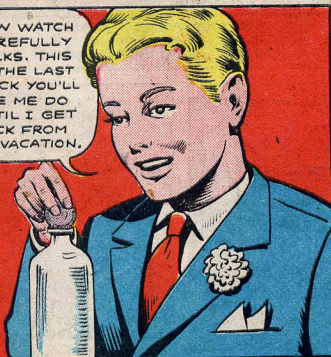
# MICKEY MAGIC

by  
FONTAINE and GRADY

MICKEY, DESCENDANT OF GREAT MAGICIANS DATING FROM WITCH-CRAFT DAYS, HAS INHERITED A NATURAL TALENT FOR TRICKS AND MAGIC. FOR HIS AMAZING AND ENTERTAINING FEATS OF MAGIC, MICKEY HAS BEEN NICKNAMED BY HIS FRIENDS, "MICKEY MAGIC." LIKE MANY OTHER 16 YEAR OLD BOYS, HE HAS AN INSATIABLE LOVE OF ADVENTURE AND ONLY BY HIS UNUSUAL KNOWLEDGE OF MAGIC AND THE HELP OF HIS CONSTANT COMPANION "TRIXY," A BLACK SCOTTIE, CAN HE MANAGE TO ESCAPE FROM THE MANY PREDICAMENTS INTO WHICH HIS ADVENTUROUS SPIRIT LEADS HIM. HAVING NO PARENTS, WE SEE HIM ENTERTAINING SOME OF HIS YOUNG FRIENDS IN THE HOME OF HIS AUNT KATE WITH WHOM HE LIVES.



NOW WATCH CAREFULLY FOLKS. THIS IS THE LAST TRICK YOU'LL SEE ME DO UNTIL I GET BACK FROM MY VACATION.



MICKEY PLACES A LARGE COIN OVER A BOTTLE WITH A SMALL NECK . . .



THE COIN IS INSIDE THE BOTTLE! HOW DID MICKEY DO THIS TRICK?



HOW MICKEY PASSED THE COIN INTO THE BOTTLE, AN OLD COIN OR TOKEN IS TURNED ON A LATHE TO CUT A GROOVE ALL AROUND ITS OUTER EDGE. THEN THE COIN IS CUT VERY NEATLY INTO THREE PARTS. THE PARTS ARE JOINED TOGETHER AGAIN WITH A SMALL RUBBER BAND INSERTED INTO THE GROOVE. THE COIN NOW WILL FOLD AND IS PASSED INTO THE BOTTLE. WHEN COIN PASSES NECK OF BOTTLE, RUBBER BAND WILL SPRING COIN FLAT.

AS MICKEY PACKS, HIS AUNT CAUTIONS HIM ABOUT VACATIONING ALONE.



DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME AUNT KATE, I WON'T GET LOST.



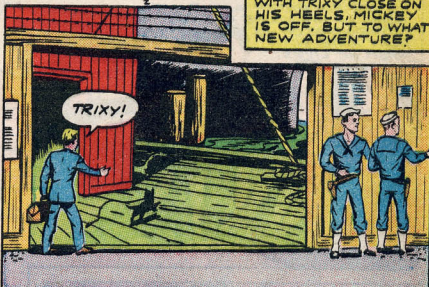
COME ON, TRIXY!

WITH TRIXY CLOSE ON HIS HEELS, MICKEY IS OFF, BUT TO WHAT NEW ADVENTURE?

A SHIP TAKING ON CARGO CAUSES THE TWO TO PAUSE A MOMENT.



GEE.. I WONDER WHERE THAT SHIP IS GOING?



TRIXY!

BUT TRIXY HAS DISCOVERED SOMETHING MORE INTERESTING . . . APPROACHING, TRIXY SEES A CAT AND BREAKS AWAY. THE CHASE IS ON!



HEY!

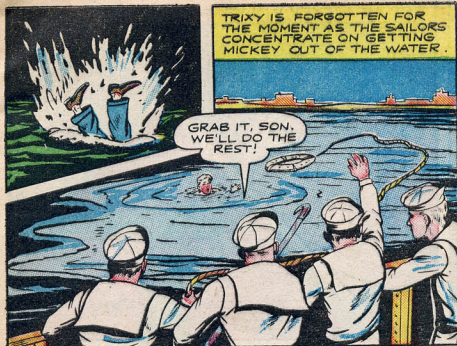


THE GUARD PICKS UP THE CHASE..AND MICKEY IS CLOSE BEHIND HIM.)



HELP!

UNACCUSTOMED TO GANG-PLANKS, MICKEY CATCHES HIS FOOT.. HE STUMBLES THROUGH THE ROPES.



TRIXY IS FORGOTTEN FOR THE MOMENT AS THE SAILORS CONCENTRATE ON GETTING MICKEY OUT OF THE WATER.

GRAB IT, SON. WE'LL DO THE REST!



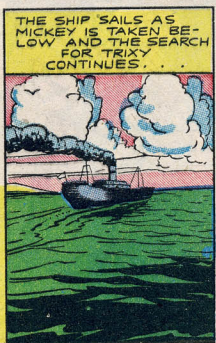
BACK ON BOARD SHIP. . .

DO YOU FEEL ALL RIGHT, KID?

YES. I THINK SO. BUT WHERE'S MY DOG TRIXY?



IN THE EXCITEMENT, TWO GRUFF LOOKING THUGS HAVE OVERPOWERED THE GUARD AND SLIPPED ABOARD UNNOTICED. . .



THE SHIP SAILS AS MICKEY IS TAKEN BELOW AND THE SEARCH FOR TRIXY CONTINUES. . .



LATE THAT AFTERNOON. HIS CLOTHING PRACTICALLY DRY, MICKEY GOES UP ON DECK LOOKING FOR HIS DOG.

TRIXY!



YOU LITTLE TIKE. WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?



TRIXY LEADS MICKEY TO A HATCH THAT HAS BEEN OPENED. . .

SO THAT'S THE PLACE! BUT WHAT ARE YOU GROWLING ABOUT?



DESPITE TRIXY'S SNIFFING AND BARKING, MICKEY SEES NOTHING AMISS BELOW. . . ANYWAY, HE IS AWARE THAT THERE IS WAR MATERIAL IN THE HOLD THAT IS NOT TO BE TAMPERED WITH.

THAT EVENING, TRIXY  
CHOOSSES TO EAT NEXT TO  
THE HOLD WHICH HAS SO  
KEENLY ATTRACTED HIM..

YOU WANT IT  
HERE? OKAY.

BUT AS MICKEY WALKS AWAY...

GRRR  
ARE!  
ARE!

WHAT'S HAPPENED  
NOW? HEY YOU, LET  
GO OF MY  
DOG!

HELP!

SILENCE!

BOUND AND GAGGED,  
MICKEY AND TRIXY ARE  
DRAGGED INTO THE  
HOLD...

THE SEAMAN ON  
WATCH, HEARING  
NOISES, INVESTI-  
GATES, BUT ALL IS  
QUIET...

NOW WHAT THE  
DEUCE CAUSED  
THAT RACKET?

MICKEY LEARNS THAT  
THESE TWO THUGS ARE  
JAP AGENTS. THEIR  
MISSION BEING TO CON-  
TACT A JAP SUBMARINE  
AND ASSIST IN TAKING  
OVER THE SHIP INTACT  
WITH THE CARGO...

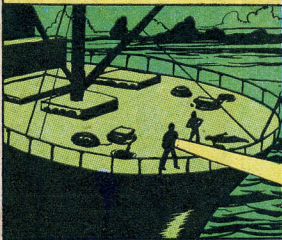
IN THE MEANTIME, THE  
CREW MISSES TRIXY...

WHAT'S HAPPENED  
TO OUR YOUNG  
FRIEND AND HIS  
DOG? I HAVEN'T  
SEEN THEM SINCE  
EARLY EVENING.

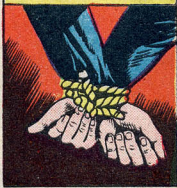
A SUB'S PERISCOPE  
FOLLOWS IN THE  
SHIP'S WAKE . . .



THE TWO JAP AGENTS  
CRAWL OUT OF THE HOLD  
AND MAKE THEIR WAY TO  
THE SHIP'S STERN. THE  
SEAMAN ON WATCH IS  
BLACKJACKED AND THE  
SIGNAL SET UP FOR THE  
JAP SUBMARINE . . .



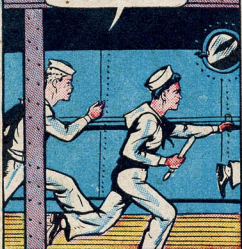
REMEMBERING AN  
OLD HINDU TRICK  
WHEN THE THUGS  
TIED HIS HANDS,  
MICKEY SLIPPED  
HIS TWO FINGERS  
INTO THE KNOT. IT  
IS AN EASY  
MATTER TO  
LOOSEN THE  
KNOTS AND FREE  
HIMSELF AND  
TRIXY . . .



TRIXY LOSES NO  
TIME BOUNDING  
OUT OF THE HOLD  
AND STARTS A  
BARRAGE OF  
BARKING . . .

SEVERAL OF THE CREW  
SEARCHING FOR MICKEY,  
HEARING TRIXY BARK,  
COME "ON THE DOUBLE".

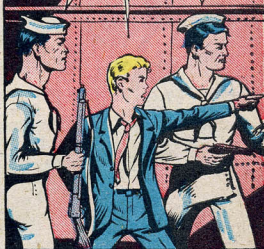
WHERE HAVE THOSE  
TWO BEEN?



DOWN AT THE STERN!  
TWO JAP AGENTS!!!

WHAT!?

LET'S GO,  
CHUMS!



BUT MICKEY HAS PREPARED A SURPRISE  
FOR THE TWO THUGS . . . A ROPE TIED  
ACROSS THE BULKHEADS CLOSE TO THE  
DECK . . .



...AND A COAT OF OIL  
SPREAD ON THE DECK!  
THE THUGS SLIDE  
OVERBOARD.



GOOD  
RIDDANCE!

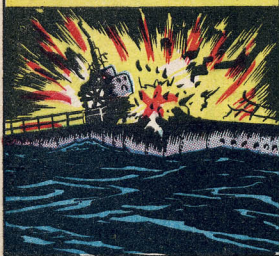


THE JAP SUB APPEARS.

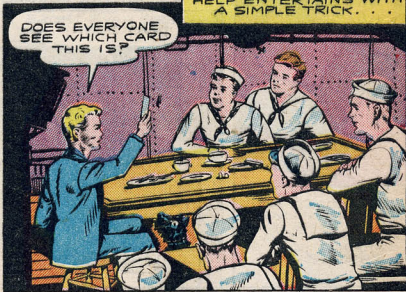


LATER THAT EVENING,  
THE CREW CELEBRATES  
MICKEY, WITH TRIXY'S  
HELP ENTERTAINS WITH  
A SIMPLE TRICK...

... AND RECEIVES AN UN-  
EXPECTED WELCOME...



DOES EVERYONE  
SEE WHICH CARD  
THIS IS?



I PUT THE CARD BACK  
IN THE PACK AND  
SHUFFLE IT, THEN  
SLIDE THEM OUT ON  
THE FLOOR LIKE THIS.  
NOW, TRIXY OL' BOY,  
SHOW THESE FELLERS  
HOW SMART YOU ARE.



TRIXY RUNS OVER  
AND PICKS OUT THE  
RIGHT CARD.

GOOD BOY! BUT  
I GUESS WE'D  
BETTER EXPLAIN  
THIS ONE TO  
THE FOLKS.

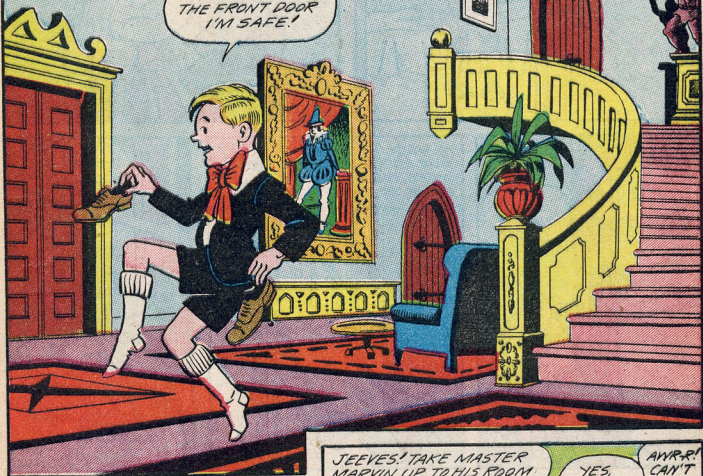


YOU SEE, TRIXY AL-  
WAYS PICKS THE  
RIGHT CARD,  
ESPECIALLY  
WHEN I RUB  
THE CARD  
WITH A  
LITTLE  
PIECE OF  
MEAT.



# MASTER MARVIN

IF I CAN MAKE  
THE FRONT DOOR  
I'M SAFE!



**MARVIN!**

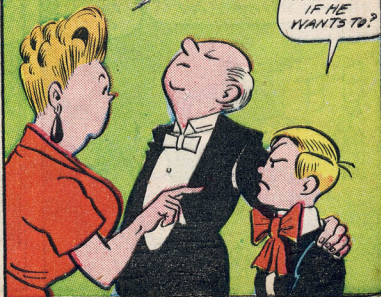
UH-OH!  
IT'S  
MOTHER!

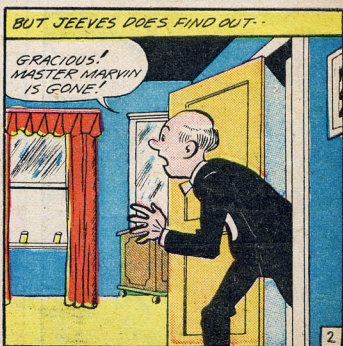
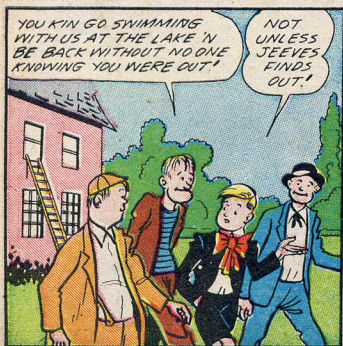
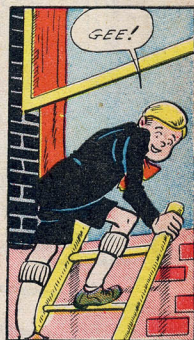
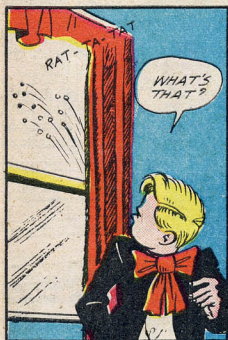
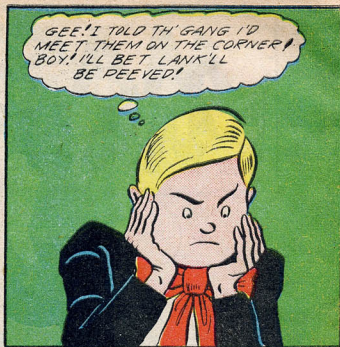
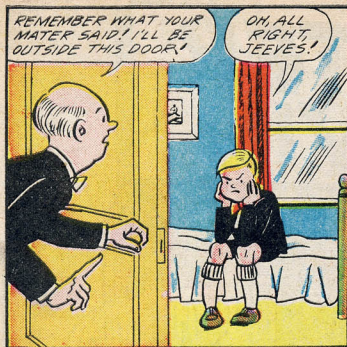


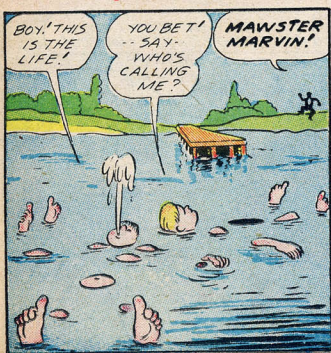
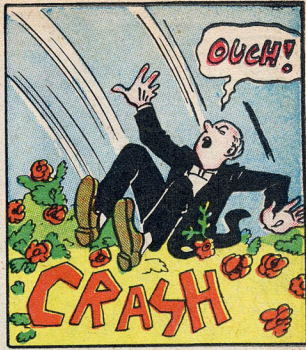
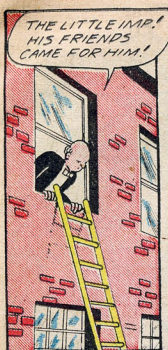
JEEVES! TAKE MASTER  
MARVIN UP TO HIS ROOM  
AND SEE THAT HE  
STAYS THERE WHILE MY  
BRIDGE PARTY GOES ON!

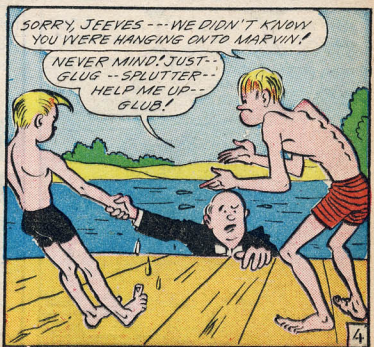
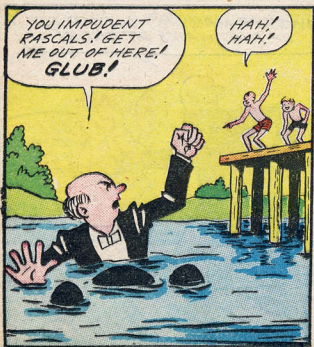
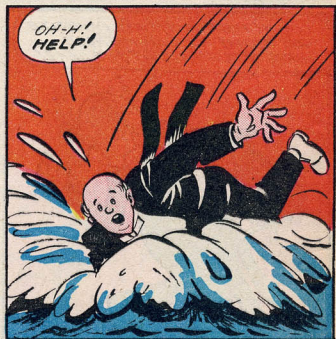
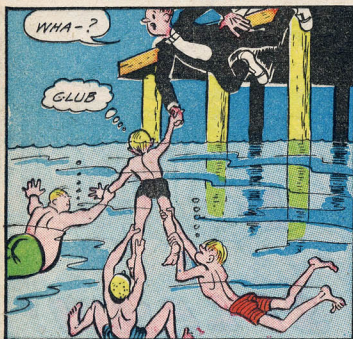
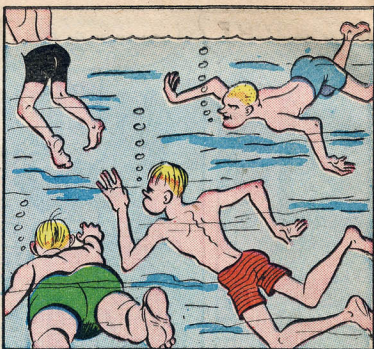
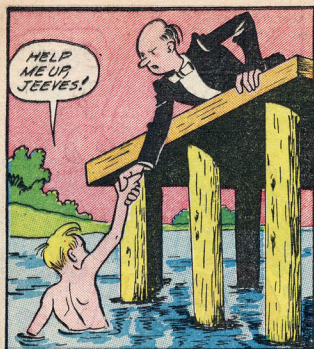
YES,  
MADDOM!

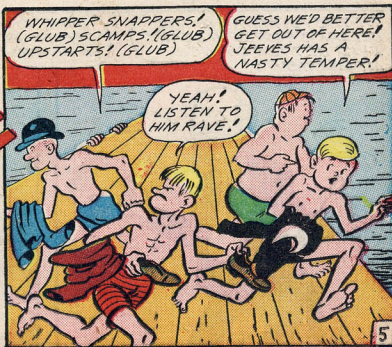
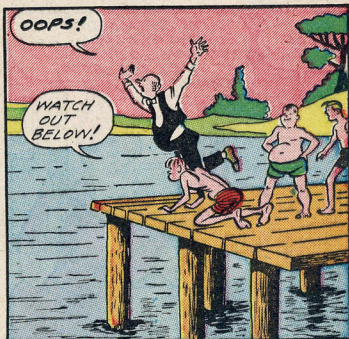
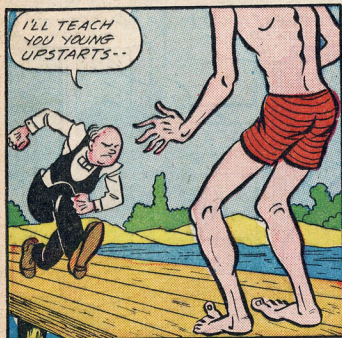
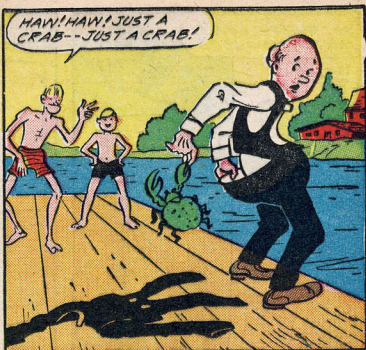
AWRR!  
CAN'T  
A  
GUY  
GO  
SWIMMING  
IF HE  
WANTS TO?

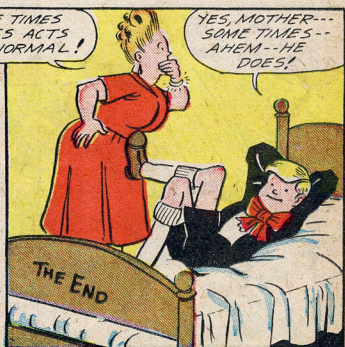
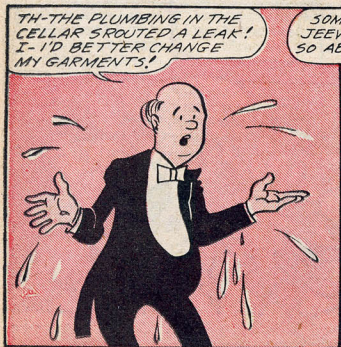
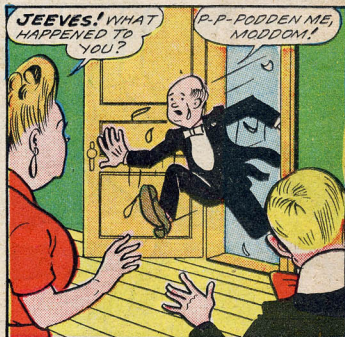
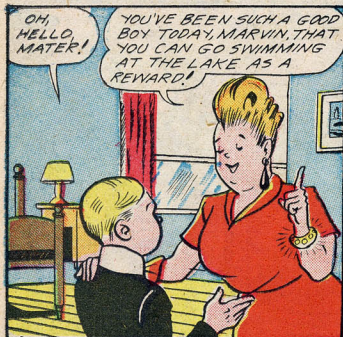
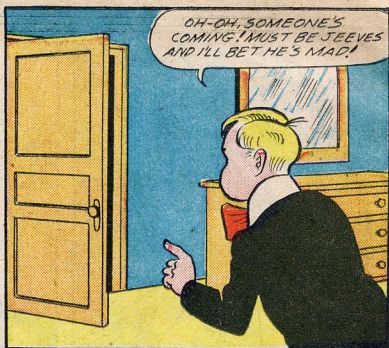










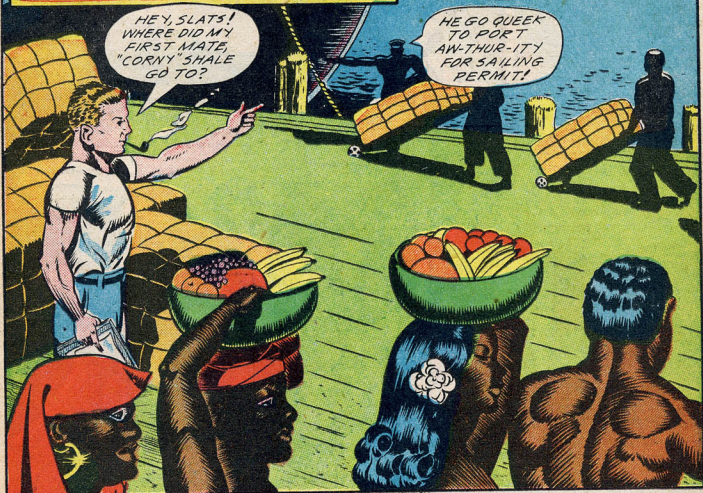


# BUCK FARREL

TRINIDAD---PORT OF SPAIN---ALONG THE COLORFUL ADVENTURE LANES OF THE CARIBBEAN WHERE BUCK FARREL, MASTER OF THE SUZY Q AWAITS THE FINAL LOADING OF HIS SHIP WITH SUPPLIES!

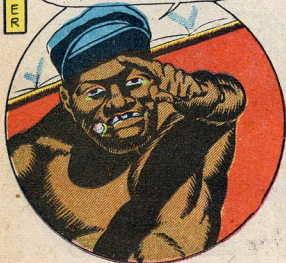
HEY, SLATS! WHERE DID MY FIRST MATE, "CORNY" SHALE GO TO?

HE GO QUEEK TO PORT AW-THUR-ITY FOR SAILING PERMIT!



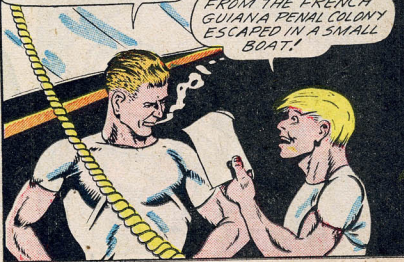
LATER

LOOK, BOSS MAN BUCK! NOW COME IN HURRY MATE CORNY!



LISTEN, EBB TIDE EDITION OF MANHOOD! WHAT KEPT YOU?

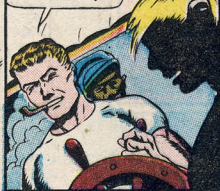
HERE'S THE SAILING PERMIT, BUCK! AND LISTEN---SIX CONS FROM THE FRENCH GUIANA PENAL COLONY ESCAPED IN A SMALL BOAT!



WHO'S INTERESTED  
IN THE ESCAPE OF A  
BUNCH OF PRISONERS?  
LET'S GO! THE WIND  
AND TIDE'S JUST  
RIGHT!



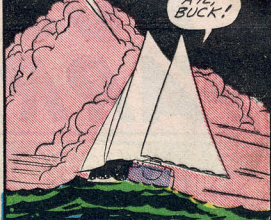
WE'VE GOT TO  
MAKE CAYENNE,  
FRENCH GUIANA  
IN TWO DAYS OR  
LOSE THAT  
SHIPMENT!



RIGHT,  
BUCK!  
WE'LL  
MAKE  
IT!

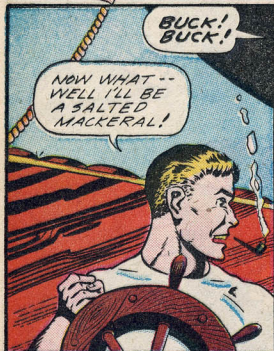
CORNY, GET BELOW AND SEE  
THAT THE FOOD IS PROPERLY  
STOWED!

AYE,  
BUCK!



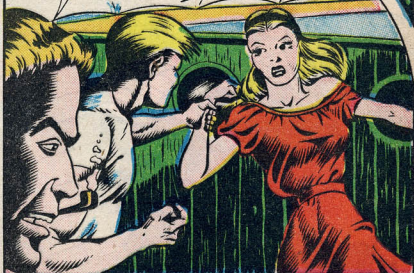
BUCK!  
BUCK!

NOW WHAT --  
WELL I'LL BE  
A SALTED  
MACKERAL!



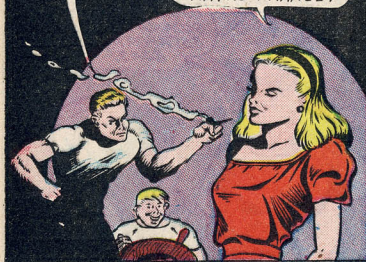
WHERE IN  
THUNDER  
DID YOU  
FIND HER?

AIN'T SHE  
A BEAUT OF  
A STOWAWAY,  
BUCK!

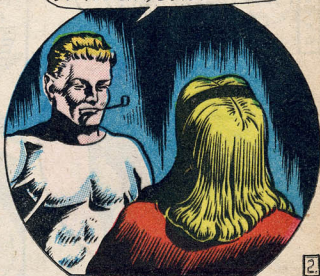


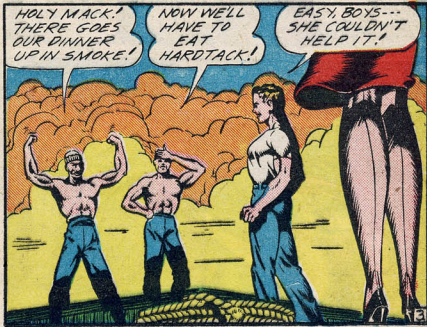
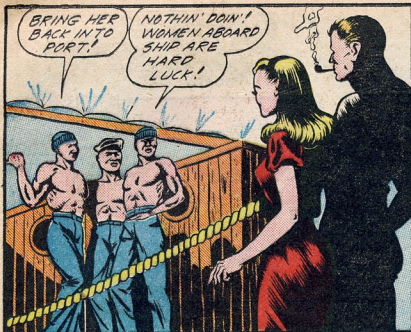
ALL RIGHT, SISTER...  
SPILL IT! WHAT  
BROUGHT YOU  
ABOARD? AND  
WHO ARE YOU?

I'M RONNIE LA FARGE--  
I MUST GET TO CAYENNE!  
THERE THE FRENCH  
AUTHORITIES WILL ALLOW  
ME PASSAGE TO MY  
NATIVE FRANCE!



FRENCH REFUGEE, EH?  
I GUESS IT WON'T HURT TO  
DRAG YOU ALONG---BUT IT'S  
UP TO THE CREW---WHAT  
DO YOU SAY, BOYS?

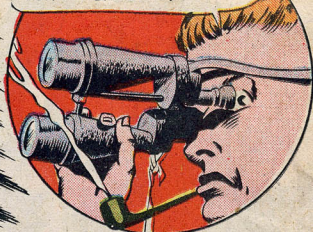




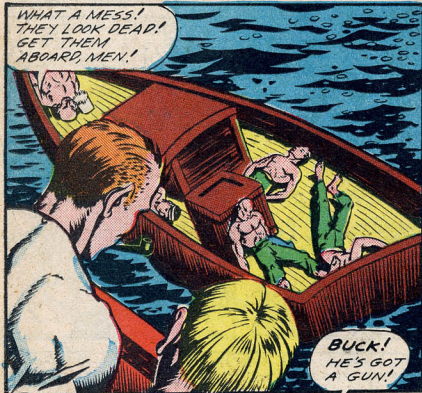
**SUDDENLY--**

AH-OY!  
SMALL BOAT  
SIGHTED  
STARBOARD!

FLOUNDERING SEAS! IT  
MUST BE THOSE ESCAPEES  
FROM THE PENAL COLONY!  
THERE ARE SIX MEN IN THE  
BOAT! HEAVE TO!



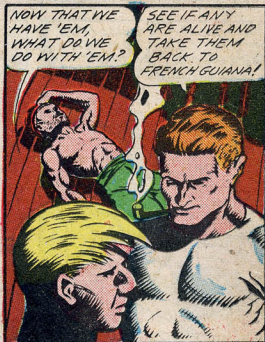
WHAT A MESS!  
THEY LOOK DEAD!  
GET THEM  
ABOARD, MEN!



BUCK!  
HE'S GOT  
A GUN!

NOW THAT WE  
HAVE 'EM,  
WHAT DO WE  
DO WITH 'EM?

SEE IF ANY  
ARE ALIVE AND  
TAKE THEM  
BACK TO  
FRENCH GUIANA!



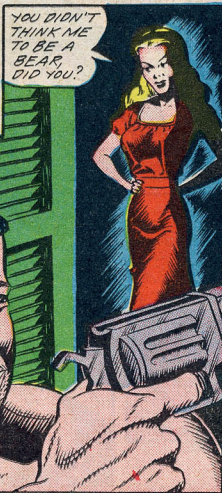
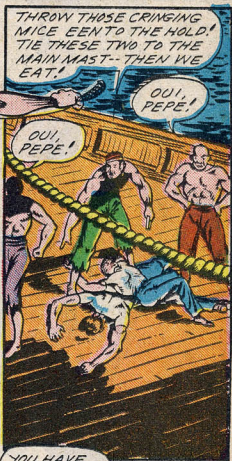
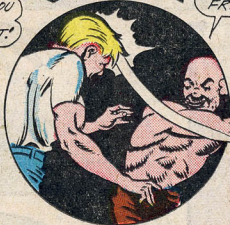
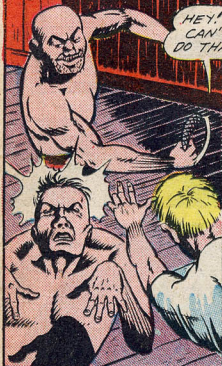
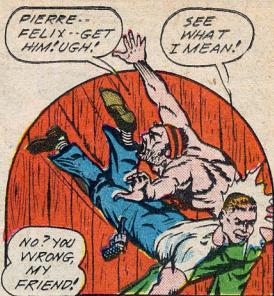
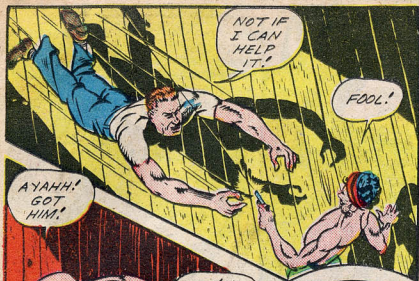
IT'S A  
TRICK,  
BUCK!

YES, GOOD FINE ONE,  
NO? PEPE AND HIS  
MEN TAKE OVER  
YOUR SHIP---SAIL  
AROUND THE HORN  
AND THEN TO  
FREEDOM! HA!



THAT EES WHAT YOU  
THEENK---PEPE WEE  
NEVAIR GO BACK TO THAT  
STEENK HOLE!







THE CONVICTS  
BREAK  
INTO  
THE  
FOOD  
AND  
WINE  
STORES,  
AND  
SOON--

HO! FOOD!  
WINE AND  
BEAUTIFUL  
RONNIE!  
HO! HA!

YES-- BUT  
NOW RONNIE  
MUST BE  
EXCUSED!

MEANWHILE--

HOW DO YOU  
LIKE THAT  
DAME? AFTER  
TREATING HER SO  
NICE SHE PALSYS  
WALSYS WITH  
THOSE DEVILS!

I GUESS  
I JUST  
DON'T KNOW  
MY WOMEN,  
CORNLY!



NO, M'SIEU  
FARREL,  
YOU DON'T!

RONNIE!

AND  
SHE'S  
GOT THE  
CON'S'  
WEAPONS!

IN YOUR CABIN  
YOU WILL FIND  
THE DESPERATE  
ONES WET  
WITH WINE!

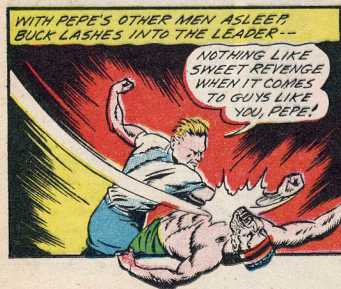
THANKS, RONNIE!  
FREE OUR BOYS,  
CORNLY!

WITH  
PLEASURE!



SACRE!  
YOU'RE  
FREE!

BUT OF  
COURSE,  
SUCKER!



WITH PEPE'S OTHER MEN ASLEEP  
BUCK LASHES INTO THE LEADER--

NOTHING LIKE  
SWEET REVENGE  
WHEN IT COMES  
TO GUYS LIKE  
YOU, PEPE!



MOMENTS  
LATER--

AND MY  
SHIP, MISS  
LA FARGE!

YOU CERTAINLY  
SAVED THE  
DAY FOR US,  
RONNIE!

JUST TO PROVE THAT  
I'M DESPERATE TO  
GET BACK TO FRANCE--  
THAT EES ALL!

THE END

# SIX-SHOOTER JUSTICE

THE way it turned out it couldn't be called luck, but anyway it was chance, that ex-marshall Tom Coyle saw the masked bandit hold up the stage that was due to reach Boon City before sundown. He drew on the pinto's bit and rubbed the animal's neck to quiet him. He wasn't close enough to stop the hold-up, but he might have been heard by the bandit. "Reckon that's Arid's tax money goin' into the Boon City Bank," Coyle told his horse. "Reckon, Pinto, we gotta do somethin' about it."

He waited only long enough to see the bandit catch the money sack and ride off toward the mesa. Then he spurred the pinto and the horse turned up the trail, the pinto's hoofs digging nervously into the dry clay bank.

At the top of the trail the horse broke into a sweat as he galloped across the mesa that overlooked the cottonwoods. There Coyle got off the horse and held the reins in one hand, gripped his gun in the other.

From the point at the edge of the rock beside the narrow down trail, he made out the form of the bandit approaching on a roan. The bandana that had covered his face was down around his neck. Coyle watched the figure growing clearer as he approached. There was something strikingly familiar in the way the man rode, and as he drew nearer, Coyle realized that he was about as large as himself. Perhaps a little heavier. Suddenly Coyle caught his breath, realizing the bandit was Gus Freemont.

By now Freemont was just beneath him. Coyle drew his six-gun up and drew a bead on the bandit.

"Git yore hands up high, Gus," he shouted.

Coyle scuffed the loose rock ahead of him as he led the horse down the steep trail to Freemont. Gus Freemont read the dead earnestness in Coyle's eyes. He kept his hands in the air.

"Shell out that money yuh just stole from the stage," Coyle ordered.

"Yuh got me all wrong, Tom. I ain't stole nothin'."

"Git off yore horse," said Coyle. "We'll see."

Freemont slid to the ground. Far off in the gathering darkness, on the flats before Boon City, Coyle saw a file of mounted men winding the trail between the rocks.

"There's a posse comin' thisaway already, Freemont. Reckon yuh better spring what yuh

know. They's durn impatient critters, Boon people." Freemont's head turned, his eyes wandering toward the slowly approaching posse.

"Come on," he said slowly. "I'll show yuh. I buried it."

Coyle followed Freemont down the narrow path, past the brush of fragrant sage that spotted the trail.

"No wonder yuh was helpin' Jake Madden git elected marshal! He was fer takin' Arid money in the Boon Bank. Me, I figgered it was dangerous and was agin' it! But I didn't reckon yuh'd be the thief—"

Freemont stopped suddenly and walked off the trail into a patch of sage. He leaned down. When he straightened he had the money sack in his left hand. His right he held behind him.

"Here's the bag," said Freemont. "I pitched it away, figurin' tuh git rid of it pronto. Didn't think anybody'd ever find it in these parts."

Coyle reached down for the bag. At that moment Freemont raised his right hand with a rock in it and crashed it hard. It struck Coyle in the temple and the former lawman muttered only a groan as he sank to the ground. Freemont picked Coyle's gun.

"Jake!" he shouted across the stillness of the night. "Jake Madden!"

There came an answering cry. The thud of horse hoofs clapped nearer as the posse approached.

Coyle's hands were tied behind his back. Bart Redfern who had ridden the stage in from Arid to deposit the money looked him over.

"Sure he done it," Redfern vowed. "Couldn't of been no other."

"Gives Boon City a mighty bad name," Freemont put in. "It don't help our law-body none, either. Reckon Coyle's right sore about losin' the election and wants tuh give yore office a black eye, on account of yuh wanted tuh take Arid's money." Freemont hesitated a moment, scanned the fifty angry faces of the posse. Men who had fought to give Boon City a good name there in the bad lands, a good name and a bank of its own. "Reckon, Jake, with all that agin' Coyle there's hardly need of a trial—durn near all Boon City bein' here!"

Coyle's cheeks burned. "Yuh low coyote, Freemont. If yuh want tuh string me up, how

yuh gonna tell where the loot is hidden? Yuh bein' so shore I done it!"

"Yuh'll tell," said Jake Madden. "For there won't be no necktie party here!

"Untie my hands then," said Coyle. "I ain't got a gun." He glanced sidewise at Freemont. In the fading twilight he saw the color draw from the bandit's face.

"Fair enough," said Madden. He strode over to Coyle, fingered the knots that tied Coyle's wrists.

Tom Coyle knew every inch of the terrain and the pinto was standing near him. With a quick turn he wrenched the marshal's gun from his hand. Madden barked a curse. Coyle swung into the saddle and dug his spurs into the pinto's sides. The horse turned at the slight touch of the reins, jumped clear of the sage. Coyle clung close to the saddle. Fifty shots whined at one time, ricocheting off the rocks, but the confusion was great and the light was poor. The pinto broke back onto the trail, widening the distance between Coyle and the posse.

Coyle turned and shot into the air. A shout arose behind him as the posse caught the direction. They came on and Coyle checked in the pinto until they just could see him.

The pinto took the trail back up to the higher mesa and Coyle waited at the top till he saw the posse was following his tracks. Then by the time Madden's horse led the others up the mesa, Coyle was across the stretch of level ground and into the cottonwoods.

He circled back and down the ridge. The posse saw him once more and their shots cracked in the night. He felt fairly safe, until he heard a shout from below. Redfern was leading a group up the back trail.

Coyle slid from the pinto to the ground. Afoot, he waited for Redfern's men to catch up to him. Coyle raised his arms in the air.

"Okay, Redfern," he said. "Call in the others." Then he shook his head. "No, let 'em come up. They're headin' this way, anyhow."

"Yuh ain't the one tuh be givin' orders," Redfern said.

"Yuh want my neck?" Coyne asked. "Or are yuh more anxious tuh know who done the robbin' of the stage?"

"Reckon we know who done it," said Redfern. "But what's yore claim?"

Madden and the rest of the posse approached. Redfern spoke as they drew up.

"Coyle wants tuh prove he didn't rob the stage," Redfern said.

Coyle broke in. "Shucks, Madden, yuh know I could of lost yuh twice over in this country. But I didn't, did I?"

Madden shook his head. "I don't savvy. Yuh shore could of. I can't deny it."

"I ain't armed," Coyle argued. "I can prove I didn't rob the stage. If yuh and Redfern 'll come along with me. No one else."

There was a general protest. Madden turned to the men.

"We'll keep him covered, men," he said. "One false move an' he tastes lead. He had a good record as a lawman. And he's got tuh prove he's innocent beyond a doubt."

Coyle kept his hands in the air as he climbed down the rocky bank to the main trail.

"Don't make no more noise than yuh can help," Coyle said.

They moved quietly. Behind them they heard an angry murmur of voices from the possemen. The sound of it covered their movements, detracted from the noise of their boots on the gravel. Suddenly Coyle stopped. He signaled Redfern and Madden in silence. He brushed aside a spray of sage back of which they had crouched. Madden and Redfern caught their breath. Below them off the trail Freemont was scooping earth with a spade.

"I been followin' that sound all down the trail," Coyle said. "Keep back here. I'll go in alone. If I try anything yuh can let me have it!"

Coyle stepped forward as Madden nodded his head. He stopped behind Freemont.

"Get 'em up, Freemont," he snarled.

Freemont spun about, his mouth agape. Coyle held his index and middle finger extended and close to his side, as if it were his six gun.

"You! I thought—!" Freemont's hands trembled. From them a stack of money dropped to the ground. Suddenly he saw Coyle's hand, realized that he had no gun. His hand whipped to his gun belt.

Coyle sprang forward, gripped at Freemont's wrist as the gun cracked.

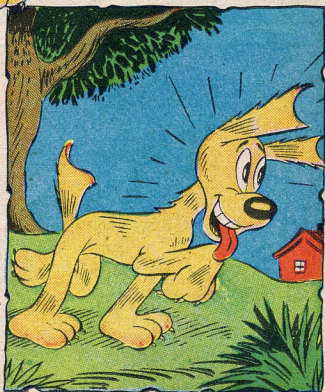
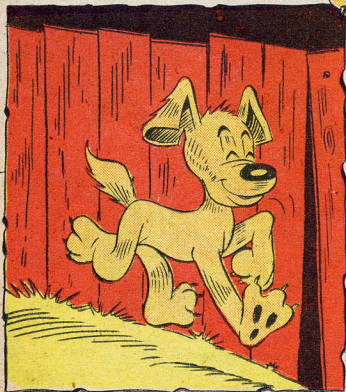
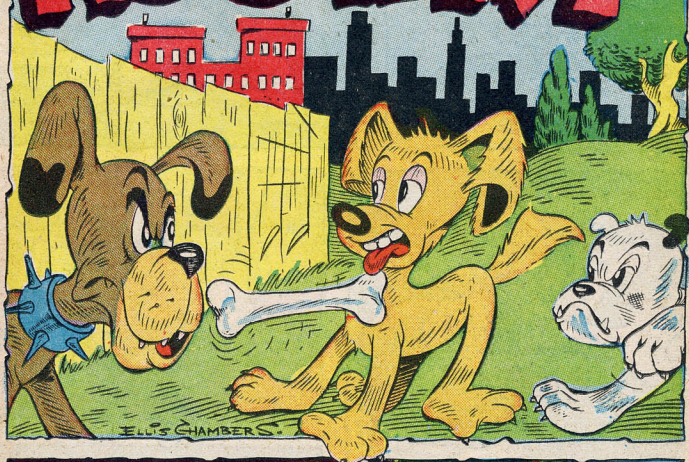
"There's five more shots, Coyle!" Freemont gasped with a straining voice. "You'll git one! They'll never know!"

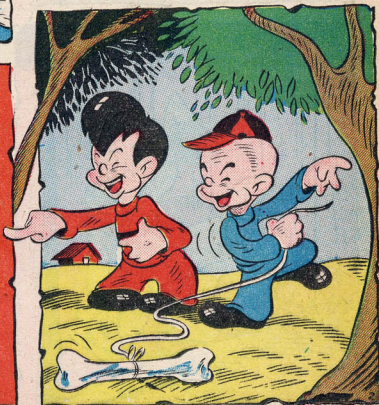
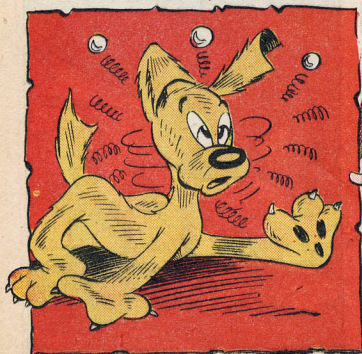
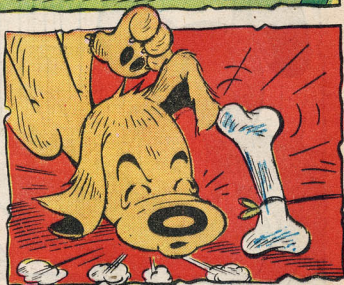
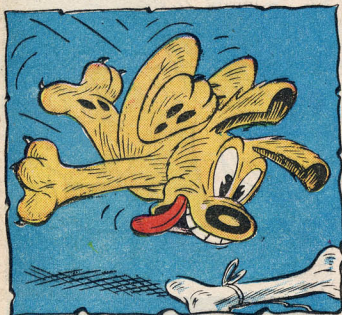
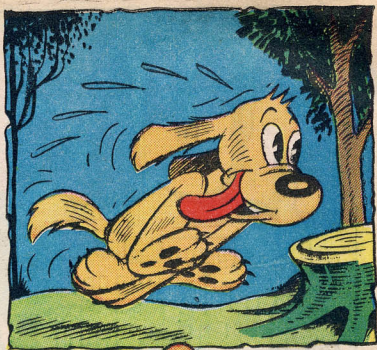
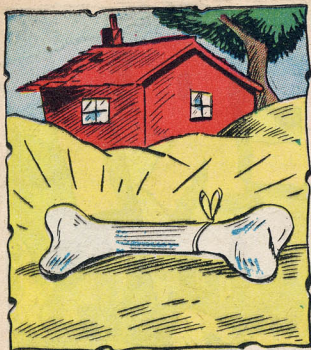
"They's about three hundred shots waitin' fer you, Freemont!" It was Madden's voice.

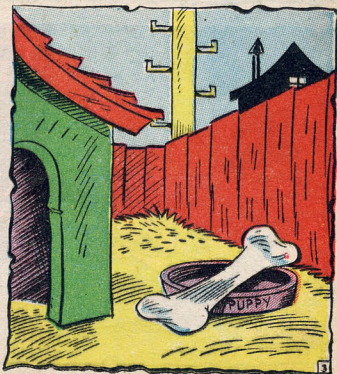
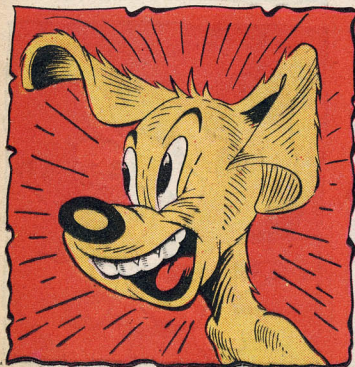
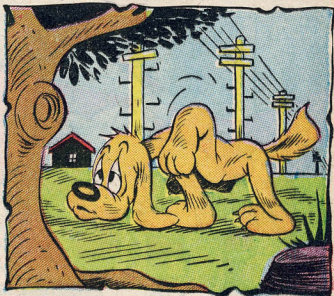
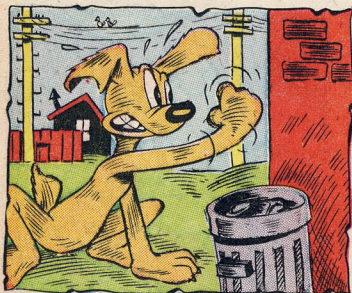
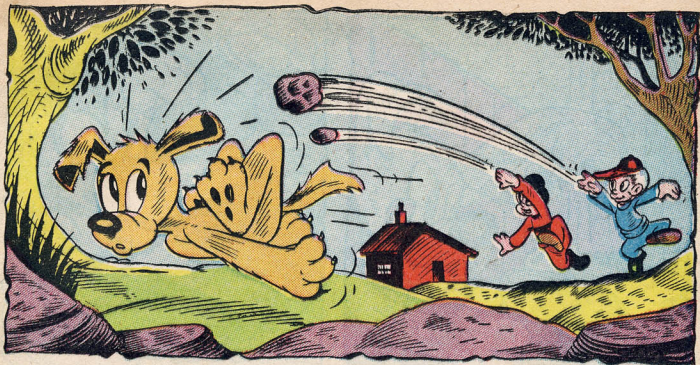
Freemont raised his hands. Madden came in and took his gun away.

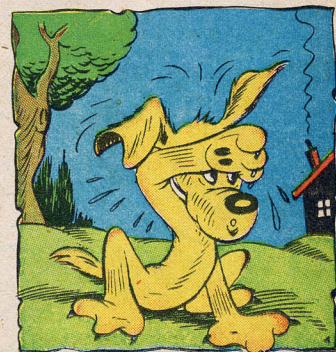
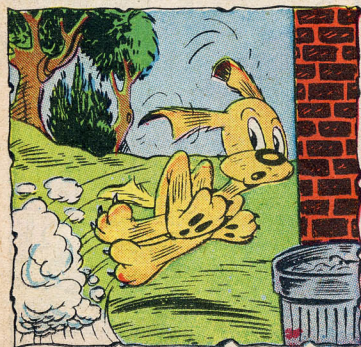
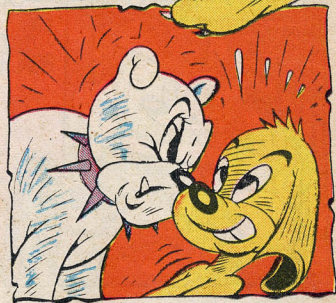
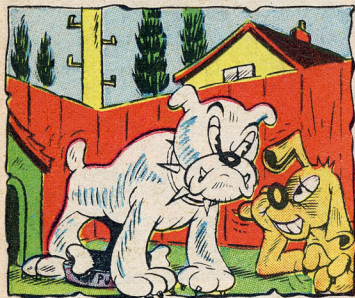
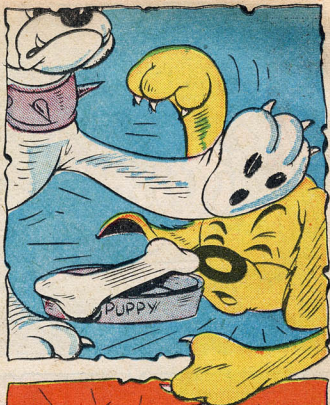
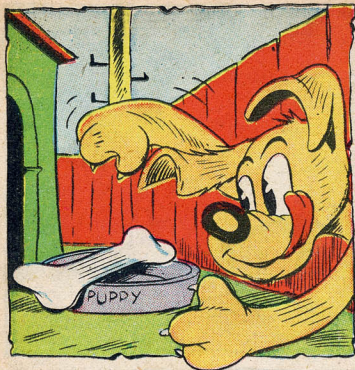
"I knew Freemont thought I might of seen him hide the wad," Coyle explained. "So I drawed the posse away and give him a chance tuh show his hand." He chuckled before he added, "Shucks, if I hadn't clean scared the pants off him, he might just now of claimed at least I was an accomplice. I shore am glad he didn't. I'd of had a sweet time explainin' myself out of that 'un!"

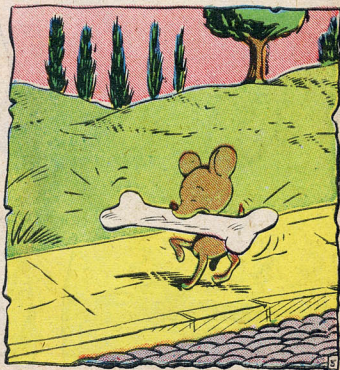
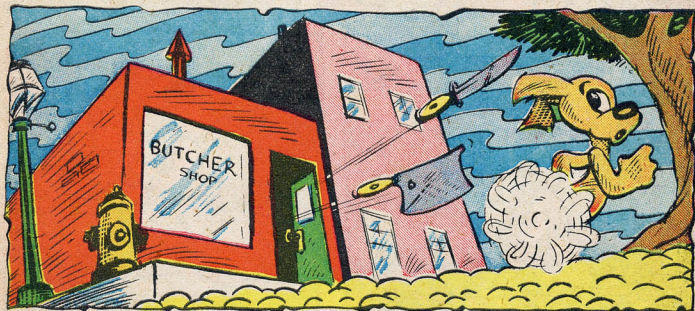
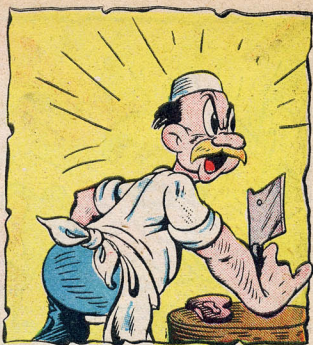
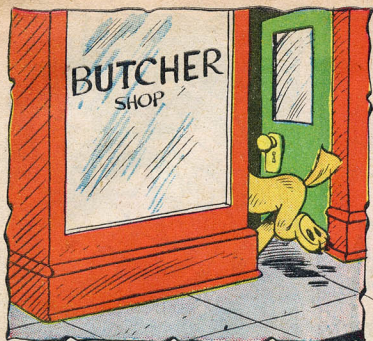
# HUBERT

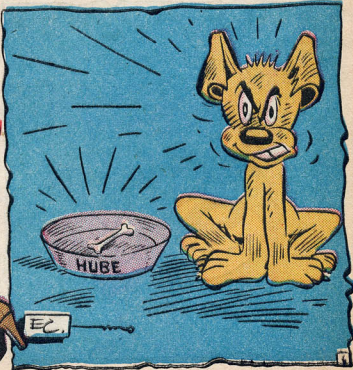
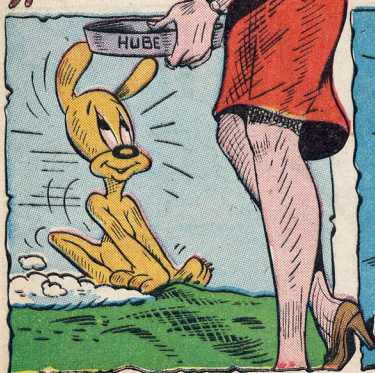
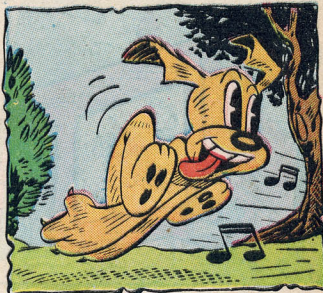
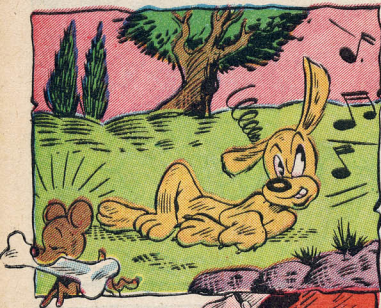
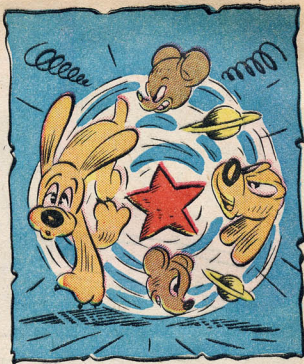
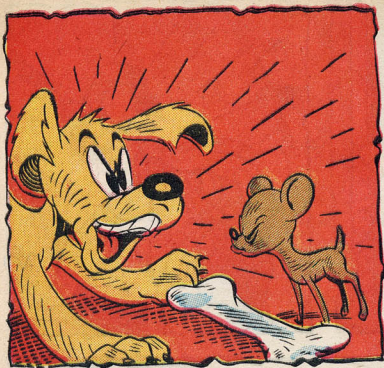












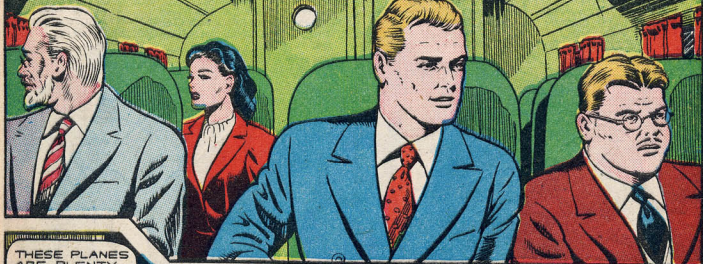
EC

# CLUE KELLY

BY KEVE  
CRAIG

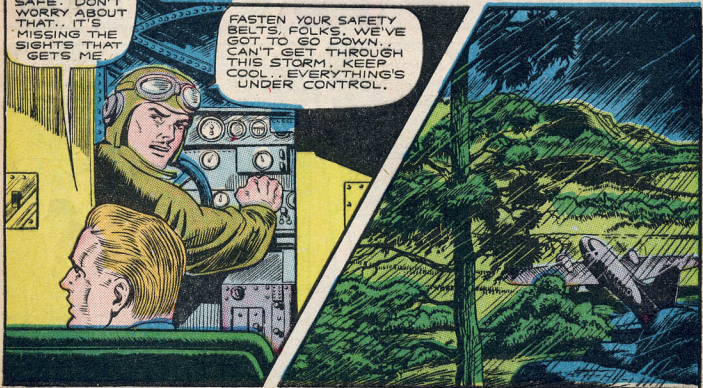
I DON'T MIND BEING CALLED DOWN TO FLORIDA ON A HUSH CASE FOR THE ALLIED AIRLINES, BUT I CAN'T SAY THIS IS MY FAVORITE FLYING WEATHER.

THE STORM SEEMS TO BE GETTING WORSE, KELLY. DO YOU THINK WE'LL GET THROUGH?



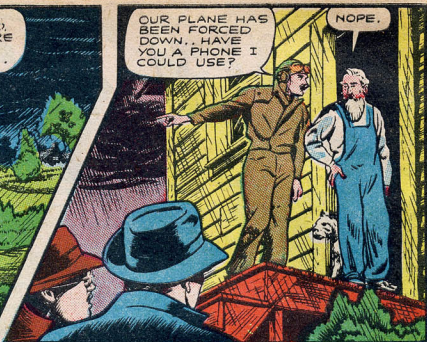
THESE PLANES ARE PLENTY SAFE. DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT.. IT'S MISSING THE SIGHTS THAT GETS ME.

FASTEN YOUR SAFETY BELTS, FOLKS. WE'VE GOT TO GO DOWN.. CAN'T GET THROUGH THIS STORM. KEEP COOL.. EVERYTHING'S UNDER CONTROL.





KEEP TOGETHER, FOLKS. THERE'S A HOUSE AHEAD. I'VE GOT TO REPORT WE'RE GROUNDED. MEANWHILE YOU'LL HAVE SHELTER...



OUR PLANE HAS BEEN FORCED DOWN. HAVE YOU A PHONE I COULD USE?

NOPE.



AIN'T NO PHONE. AIN'T NOTHIN'. JEST ME. TOWN'S FIVE MILES DOWN THE ROAD. YOU CAN GET THAR BY WALKIN'.

WE CAN'T DO THAT IN THIS WEATHER. CAN YOU PUT US UP FOR THE NIGHT?

WELL.. MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT. COME IN.

THAT'S BETTER, THANKS. I'LL GO BACK TO THE SHIP AND GET SOME LUGGAGE..

THIS EXCITEMENT HAS ME ALL FAGGED OUT.

I'LL GIVE YOU A HAND, PAL..



SAY, KELLY. LOOKS FUNNY, DON'T IT? THIS OLD BIRD LIVING ALONE AN' NOT BEIN' TOO KEEN TO HELP US OUT..

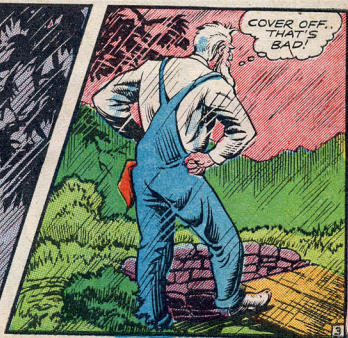
UMMMM...

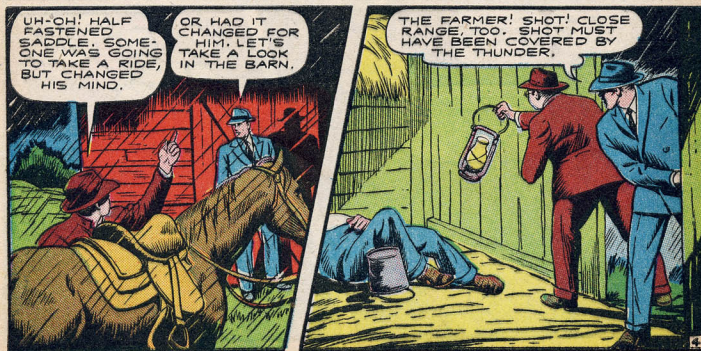
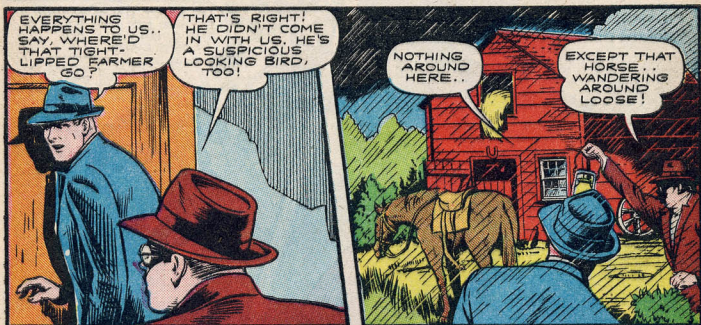
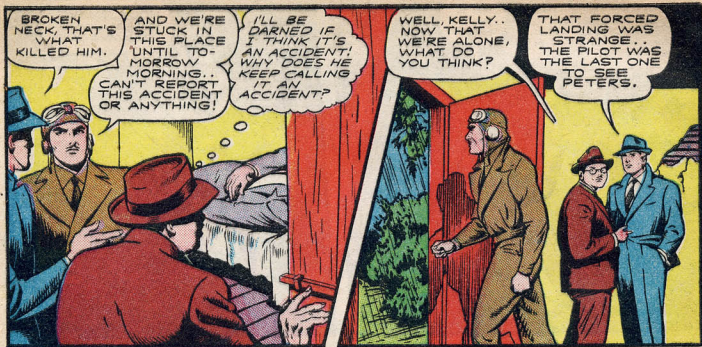


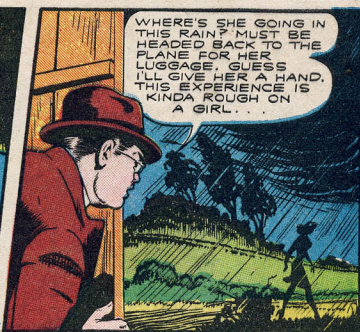
IT'S GROWN PITCH BLACK OUTSIDE. HAVE YOU GOT A FLASHLIGHT OR SOMETHING WE COULD BORROW?

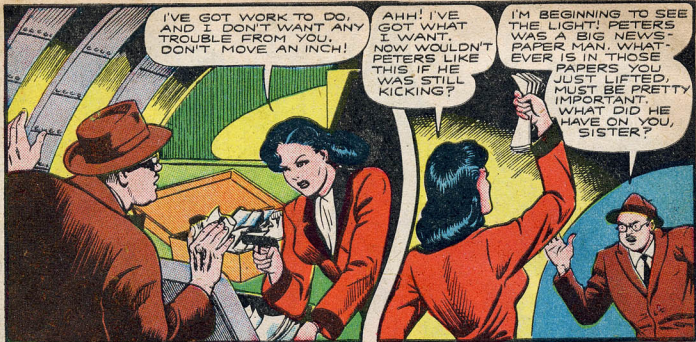
GOT A LANTERN. WAIT, I'LL FETCH IT.

COME ON, TEX.. SUPPOSE WE HELP OUT HERE..





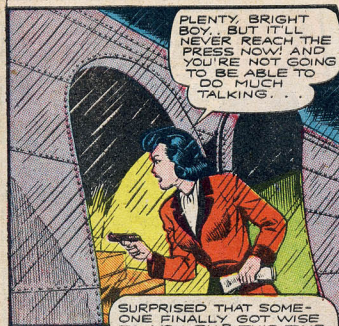




I'VE GOT WORK TO DO, AND I DON'T WANT ANY TROUBLE FROM YOU. DON'T MOVE AN INCH!

AHH! I'VE GOT WHAT I WANT. NOW WOULDN'T PETERS LIKE THIS IF HE WAS STILL KICKING?

I'M BEGINNING TO SEE THE LIGHT! PETERS WAS A BIG NEWS-PAPER MAN. WHATEVER IS IN THOSE PAPERS YOU JUST LIFTED, MUST BE PRETTY IMPORTANT. WHAT DID HE HAVE ON YOU, SISTER?



PLENTY, BRIGHT BOY... BUT IT'LL NEVER REACH THE PRESS NOW! AND YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BE ABLE TO DO MUCH TALKING...



BANG!

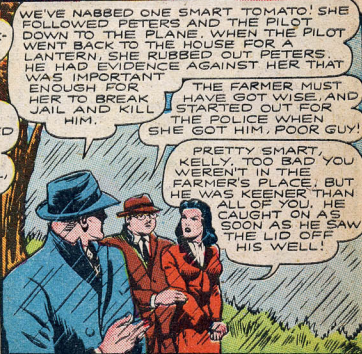
HOLD IT! YOU WEREN'T THINKING OF CARVING ANOTHER NOTCH IN YOUR GUN, WERE YOU?

YOU...



SURPRISED THAT SOMEONE FINALLY GOT WISE TO YOU, EH? THIS TIME YOU'LL HAVE A LITTLE MORE TROUBLE BREAKING OUT OF YOUR CELL, BABY!

WHY, SHE'S THE DAME WHO LAMMED OUT A WOMAN'S JAIL LAST WEEK. WELL, I'LL BE...



WE'VE NABBED ONE SMART TOMATO! SHE FOLLOWED PETERS AND THE PILOT DOWN TO THE PLANE. WHEN THE PILOT WENT BACK TO THE HOUSE FOR A LANTERN, SHE RUBBED OUT PETERS. HE HAD EVIDENCE AGAINST HER THAT WAS IMPORTANT ENOUGH FOR HER TO BREAK JAIL AND KILL HIM.

THE FARMER MUST HAVE GOT WISE, AND STARTED OUT FOR THE POLICE WHEN SHE GOT HIM, POOR GUY!

PRETTY SMART, KELLY. TOO BAD YOU WEREN'T IN THE FARMER'S PLACE, BUT HE WAS KEENER THAN ALL OF YOU. HE CAUGHT ON AS SOON AS HE SAW THE LID OFF HIS WELL!

EXQUISITE! LOVELY! ALLURING!

24K GOLDPLATED

# MATCHED CAMEO RING *and* EARRING BIRTHSTONE SET

Here's the most amazing jewelry offer we have ever made! Everyone knows the exquisite, delicate, expensive looking beauty of a fine Cameo and the rich charm of 24K gold. Now, for the first time, you can own a beautiful matched set of these lovely simulated Cameos in your own birthstone color. These beautifully, designed, delicately colored, wonderfully wrought, simulated Cameos are mounted on the finest 24K gold-plated rings and earrings money can buy. What's more, they're guaranteed. Yes, fully guaranteed and warranted for 10 years against any form of tarnish or discoloration. Guaranteed not to lose any of their beautiful polish or luster or your money back.

## SPECIALY FITTED RING AND EARRING

This lovely set is so rich looking, so well made, that smart looking women everywhere are proudly wearing them. The goldplated ring glows with the fine burnished luster that only 24K gold can produce. Its special design makes it instantly adjustable in size to any finger, and once fitted it is set in a comfortable non-pinching fit. SPECIALLY ADJUSTED TO YOUR FINGER. The delicately made screw-on-type goldplated earrings cling to your ears with the gentle stubborn tenacity of fine jewelry.

## AN AMAZING OFFER

When you get your set show it to your friends; compare it with the finest jewelry in your local shops; admire it on yourself in your mirror. Then you will know why we say that this is the most amazing offer we have made, and you will agree that it is the greatest bargain you have ever purchased. You can see your set at our risk—get it at our expense—if you act now!

ALL 3 PIECES  
**1.98**  
Plus 40c  
Fed. Tax

## GUARANTEE

If Not Completely  
Satisfied, Return  
Within 5 Days and  
Your Money will be  
Quickly Refunded.

## SEND NO MONEY!

You need not risk a cent. Send no money just the coupon indicating your color choice. When the postman delivers your set pay him only \$1.98 plus postage and 20% Federal Tax. You can select your birthstone color, or any other color you prefer. If you want two different sets to wear with different outfits, you can have two for only \$3.50 plus 20% Federal Tax. The demand for this wonderful jewelry makes it impossible for us to guarantee a definite supply. You must act now—send the coupon today.

INVENCOR CORP., P.O. BOX 281,  
Church St. Annex, N. Y. C. 8



## PICK YOUR BIRTHSTONE\*

- JANUARY GARNET
- FEBRUARY AMETHYST
- MARCH AQUAMARINE
- APRIL WHITE SAPPHIRE
- MAY GREEN SPINEL
- JUNE ALEXANDRITE
- JULY RUBY
- AUGUST PERIDOT
- SEPTEMBER BLUE SAPPHIRE
- OCTOBER ROSE ZIRCON
- NOVEMBER YELLOW SAPPHIRE
- DECEMBER GREEN ZIRCON
- SIMULATED.

MAIL  
THIS  
COUPON

INVENCOR CORP., Dept. 22-H,  
P.O. Box 281, Church Street Annex,  
New York 8, New York.

Send me my Cameo Ring and Earring Set  
at once. Birth month or color.....

☐ Send C.O.D. I'll pay postman \$1.98 plus  
postage and 20% Federal Tax on delivery.

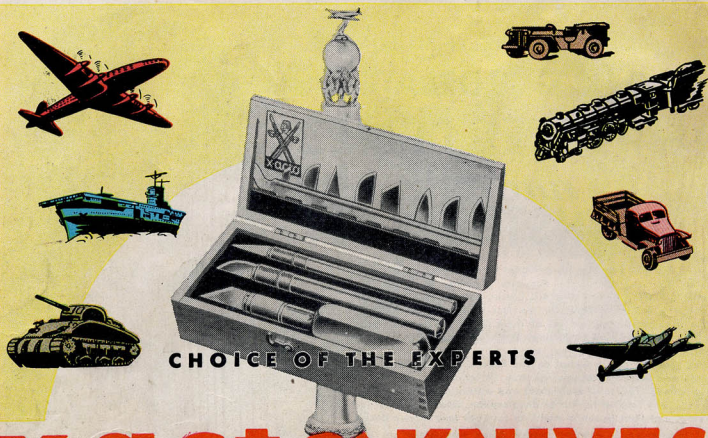
☐ I am enclosing \$2.38, postage is free, tax  
included.

☐ Send two sets. I'll pay postman \$3.50 plus  
postage and 20% Federal Tax on arrival.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY & ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

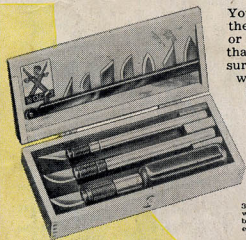


CHOICE OF THE EXPERTS

# X-Acto KNIVES

THE PERFECT TOOL FOR A PERFECT MODEL

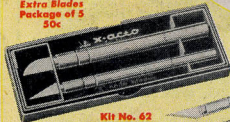
You wouldn't play baseball with a cracked bat? Well then why try to make a perfect model plane, ship, gun or train with dull, ordinary knives. Use the same knives that the experts use . . . X-ACTO! They're the finest in surgical steel carving and cutting knives you'll find anywhere. Always sharp and ready to use because the blades are interchangeable . . . just slip out the dull and insert a new sharp blade. Shaped to give you the point, angle, or surface you want for a particular cut. Quickly changes amateurs to experts. Write today for your X-ACTO knives . . . use the "Choice of the Experts."



**No. 82 Knife Chest**  
3 X-ACTO knife handles with 12 assorted steel blades. Compact in wooden chest. Priced at \$3.50.

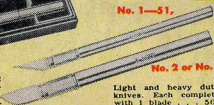
**No. 83 Deluxe Champion Set**  
Same as No. 82. All burnished aluminum handles and 20 assorted blades. \$5.00. (See above)

Extra Blades  
Package of 5  
50c



**Kit No. 62**  
Double knife set. 2 handles and 12 assorted blades. Complete \$2.00.

No. 1—51.



No. 2 or No. 52

Light and heavy duty knives. Each complete with 1 blade . . . 50c each. Same knives with 5 blades . . . \$1.00 each.

Order your X-ACTO today on display at most leading **HARDWARE, HOBBY SHOPS or DEPARTMENT** stores . . . or send coupon direct to X-Acto Crescent Prods. Co., 440-4th Ave., New York 16, N. Y. if your dealer cannot supply you.

## 4 BIG BOOKS

How To Build Solid Scale Model War Planes; The Whittiers' and Woodcrafters' Handbook; Twelve Techniques for the Artist, Student and Teacher; Commercial Artists' Handbook. Price 10c each.



**X-ACTO CRESCENT PRODUCTS CO.,**  
Dept. 4707, 440 - 4th Avenue,  
New York 16, N. Y.

Send at once X-ACTO I have checked. It is understood if I am not satisfied I may return within five days for refund.

☐ I will pay postman \$..... plus postage and C.O.D. charges on arrival.  
☐ Enclosed find \$..... in full payment. (No postage charge.)  
X-ACTO desired: ☐ Kit No. 82. \$3.50. ☐ Kit No. 83. \$5.00.  
☐ Kit No. 62. \$2.00 ☐ No. 1 (light) with one blade 50c  
☐ No. 51 with 5 extra assorted blades. \$1.00 ☐ No. 2 (heavy) with one blade 50c ☐ No. 52—with 5 extra assorted blades \$1.00.  
(No C.O.D.'s on orders under \$2.00.)

**NAME (Please Print Plainly)** .....

**CITY** .....

**STATE** .....

**NOTE:** If you live outside of U. S. A., send money order in U. S. funds.

NEVER A DULL MOMENT  
RE-BLADE TO RE-SHARPEN